S. GEORGE

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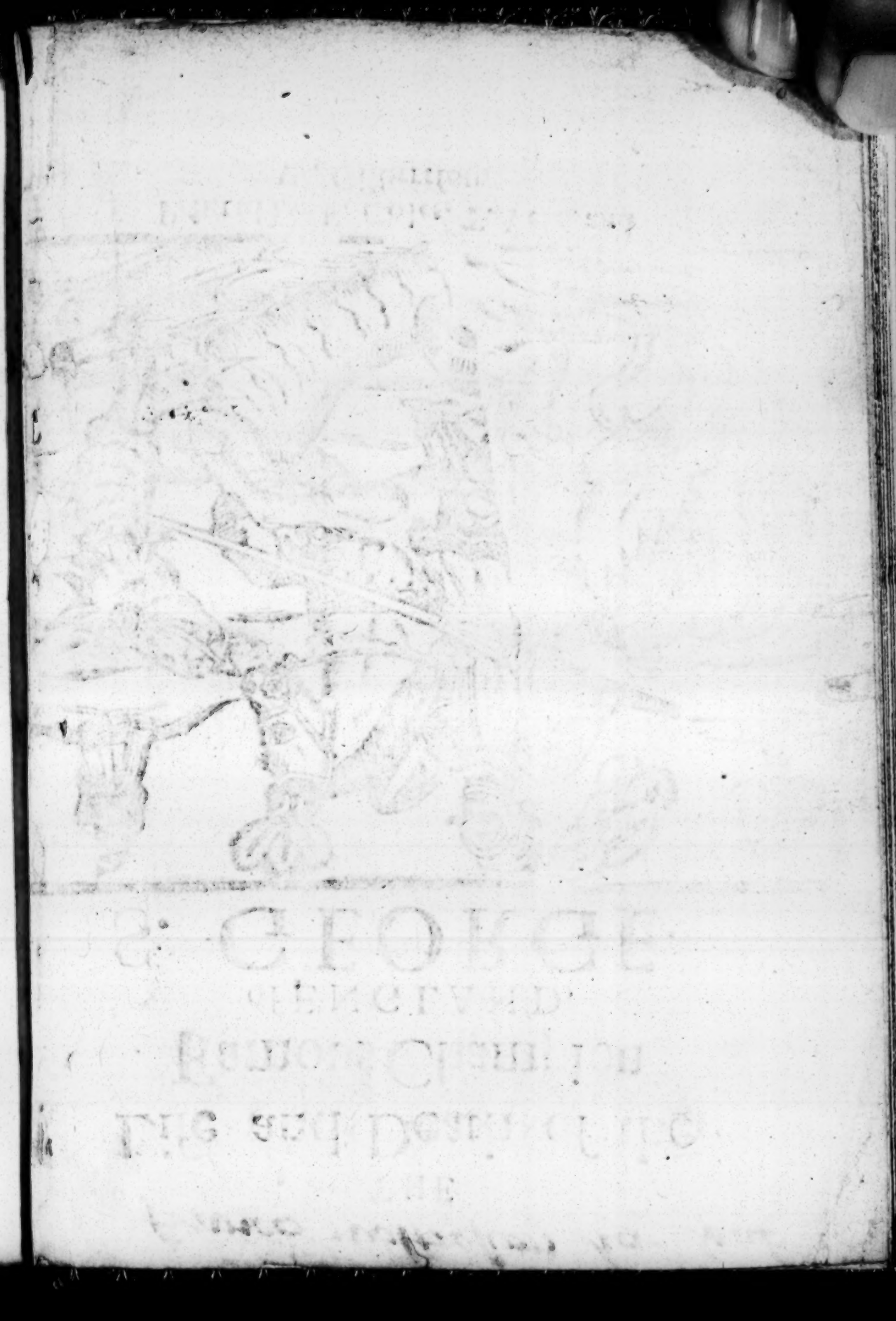
THE

Life and Death of the Famous Champion of ENGLAND, S. GEORGE.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.



THE Life and Death of the Famous Champion of ENGLAND, S. George.

IN the Famous City of Coventry, situated neer unto the heart of the Kingdome of England, Lord Albert had a stately and sumptuous Palace accommodated with all those other varieties and delights which might satisfie the generous disposition of so noble a person. He was lineally descended from a Noble Family, and a man of an undaunted and unconquered spirit, in-

ſtomach that whoſoever beheld him could not chuſe but conclude him to be what he ſeemed a Noble Peer of Englands Realm. He was alſo highly honoured of the King, who beſtowed his only Daughter on him for his wife, theſe two were the worthy Parents of this moſt Noble, Famous, and Victorious Champion S. George.

He was born a Champion, for no ſooner had nature brought him into the world but he proved an unfortunate Champion, his birth cauſing her death who gave him life: which ſad and heavy chance was agréeable to a former Dream which his Lady Mother apprehended, who dreamed often for many nights together before the time of her delivery, ỹ ſhe brought forth a Dragon into the world, that ſhould be the death of her that bare him: which conſtant dream cauſed ſome deſtruction in the diſtreſſed Lady, inſomuch ỹ ſhe could not be quiet untill ſhe had revealed and publiſht it unto her Lord, & withall requeſted him to conſult with theſe Sages and Wiſemen then living, what her dream might pretend? her loving Lord unwilling to deny any requeſt that ſhe ſhould make, did poſt haſt unto the Oracle and requeſted an interpretation

of

of the dream, and to be informed what should happen upon the birth of this child; The Oracle willingly entertained his Petition, and returned an Answer in this manner.

A Brave young Son to thee is born;
A Victorious shall he be, and scorn
His prouder Foes the world that sees
Must needs applaud his victories:
A Dragon that shall split in twain,
His Mothers womb with extream pain,
For she shall dye, but he shall live,
And many victories acchieve:
Return you may from whence you came
For I have published his fame.

Lord Alber having heard this Report from the Oracle, departed very heavy, and full of grief. for the hearing of his beloved Ladies death, was as full of grief unto him, as the news of his son could be of joy: but no sooner had he set footing againe within his own Palace, but found the Oracles report to be too true, for though he had a son, yet he lost his wife. Upon the breast of this son. Nature had Pictured the lively image of a Dragon, & his right hand a bloody

by Crosse and on his left legge a Golden Garter, whom Lord Albert his Father named George.

No cost was spared for his Education, neither was Nature defective in bestowing on him Strength and Courage, in so much that he was the only Champion of those times, and never failed of carrying away the Prize at Tilts and Turnaments, he quel'd Savage men, subdued Monsters, overcame Gyants, Slaughtered Beasts, accomplished many unheard of and almost uncredible Acts, who when he had lived many dayes, and got many Victories, was at last conquered by Death, whose Death was much deplored both by Kings and people.

The last valiant Act of his, which crowned both himself, and his other most Noble enterprizes with deserved honour was his killing that horrid Egyptian Dragon, who greedy of humane blood, could not be satisfied untill he had devoured all the Virgins in Egypt.

Thus did the Dragons fury daily make one or other childless, so that there was but one Virgin left, only Sabrian the Princes, and onely Daughter to the King, who

who hearing that the Monsters fury would not be appeased so long as she was living, willing to free her Country, and that it might be safe, voluntarily and willingly casts her self as a prey to that unmercifull Monster. But S. George being at the same time in Egypt, and hearing the sad speeches, and observing the mournfull carriage of the Egyptians, because it was Sabrians turn to be delivered, resolves to hazard himself, and either be the Dragons destruction to free the Lady and her Country, or to lose his life.

The horrid aspect of the Monster struck S. George with terrour and amazement, but being of an undaunted spirit he ventures the encounter, and directs his tried and well proved Launce against his well proved sides, but all to little or no purpose, for that being not to be pierced, S George was almost quite out of hope to wound his scaly sides, till at the last it so fortuned that S George struck the Dragon on the back, and whilst the Monster was opening his jaws to cast a venomous flood of deadly poyson upon the Knight, S. George letting no opportunity slip, strikes his Javelin down his throat, who

was

was not to be pierced in any other part. By which brave act the Lady was saved, the Countrey freed; the Monster slain; and St. George deservedly honoured of all, as you may see more at large in this ancient, Proper, and approved Ditty.

The

THE
Worthy Deeds of St. *GEORGE* of *England*, and how he married the Kings Daughter of *Ægrpt*, whom he delivered from death.

The tune is, *Qu en Dido.*

OF Hectors deeds did Homer sing.
and of the sack of stately Troy
What grief fair Hellin did him bring
which was Sir Paris only joy:
And by my Pen I will recite
S. George's Deeds an English Knight.

Against the Sarazens full rude,
fought he full long and many a day
Where many Gyants he subdu'd
in honour of the Christian way:
And after many advantures past
To Ægypt Land he came at last,

And as the Story plain doth tell,
within that Country there did rest
A dreadfull Dragon fierce and fell.
whereby they were full sore oppest:
Who by his poysoned breath each day
Did many of the City slay.

The

The grief whereof did grow so great,
throughout the limits of the Land.
That they their Wise-men did intreat
to shew their canning out of hand.
what way they might this Dragon destroy
That did their Country so annoy.

The Wise-men all before the King,
framed this matter incontinent
The Dragon none to death might bring,
by any means they might invent,
His skin more hard then brass was found
That sword or spear can pierce or wound.

When this the people understood,
they cryed out most pitiously.
The Dragons breath infected their blood
that they each day in heaps did dye,
Amongst them such a plague it bred
The living scarce could bury the dead.

No means there were as they did find,
to appease the Dragons rage,
But by a Virgin pure and kind,
whereby they might his fury swage,
Each day he would a Maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great,

This thing by art the Wise men found,
which truly must observed be,
Wherefore throughout the City round

a Virgin pure of good degree,
Was by the Kings Commission fill
Took up to serve the Dragons will.

Thus did the Dragon every day,
a Maiden of the Town devour,
Till all the maidens were worn away,
and none were left that instant hour:
Saving the Kings fair daughter bright
Her Fathers only hearts delight.

Then came the Officers to the King,
the heavy message so declare,
Which did his heart with sorrow sting
she is (quoth he) my Kingdoms heir,
O let us all be poysoned here,
Ere she should dye that is my dear.

Then rose the people presently,
and to the King in rage they went,
Who said his daughter dear should dye;
the Dragons poyson to prevent:
Our daughters all are dead (quoth they)
And have been made the Dragons prey.

And by their blood we have been blest
and thou hast sav'd thy life thereby,
And now in justice it doth rest
for us thy daughter so shall dye:
O save my Daughter (said the King)
And let me feel the Dragons sting.

Then

Then fell fair Sabrine on her knées
and to her Father then did say,
O Father strive not thus for me,
but let me be the Dragons prey;
It may be for my sake alone,
This plague upon the Land was thrown,
'Tis better I should dye, she said,
then all your Subjects perish quite,
Perhaps the Dragon here was laid,
for my offence to work his spight:
And after that he hath suckt my gore
Your Land shall feel the grief no more
What hast thou done my daughter dear
for to deserve this heavy scourge?
It is my fault as may appear, (grudge
which makes the gods our state to
Then ought I dye to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life.

Like Mad men then the people cry'd,
thy death can do to us no good
Our safety only doth abide,
to make thy Daughter Dragons food:
Loe here I am. I come, quoth she
Therefore do what you will with me.

Nay stay dear Daughter quoth the Queen
and as you are a Virgin bright,
That hath for vertue famous been,

so

so let me cloath thée all in white
And crown thy head with flowers sweet.
An Ornament for Virgins meet,

And when she was attyred so,
according to her Mothers mind,
Unto the stake then did she goe:
to which they did the Virgin bind,
Who being bound to stake and thrall,
Shee said fare well unto them all,

Farewell dear Father (then quoth she)
and my sweet Mother méek and mild
Take thou no thought nor wéep for me
for you may have another Child:
Here for my Countries good Ile dye,
Which I receive most willingly.

The King & Queen with all their train,
with weeping eyes went then their way,
And let their Doughter there remain,
to be the hungry Dragons prey:
But as she did there weeping lye,
Behold S. George came riding by.

And seeing there a Lady bright,
fast tyed to a stake that day,
Most like unto a valiant Knight
streight unto her did take his way,
Tell me sweet Madam then quoth he,
What person thus abuseth thee?

And loe by Christ his Crosse I vow,
which here is figured on my brest,
I will revenge it on his brow
and break my Launce upon his Chest.

And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The Dragon issued out of the wood.

This Lady that did first espy
the dreadful Dragon coming so,
Unto S. George aloud did cry,
and willed him away to go,
Here comes that cursed Fiend, quoth she
That soon will make an end of me.

S. George then loking round about
the fiery Dragon soon espy'd.
And like a Knight of courage stout,

against it

against him he did fiercely ride,
And with such blows he did him greet,
That he fell under his horses feet.

For with his Lance that was so strong
as he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth he thrust it along,
the which could pierce no other place:
And here within the Ladies view.
This mighty Dragon strait he slew.

The savour of his poysoned breath
could do this Christian Knight no harm.
Thus did he save the Lady from death,
and home he led her by the arm;
Which when King Ptolomy did see,
There was much mirth and melody.

When as the famous Knight S. George
had slain the Dragon in the field,
And brought the Lady to the Court,
whose sight with joy their hearts then filld
He in the Egyptian Court had staid,
Till he most falsly was betray'd.

The Lady Sabrine lov'd him well,
he counted her his only joy,
But when their love was open known,
it turn'd to Georges great annoy:
The Morocco King was in the Court,
Who to the Orchard did resort

Dayly to take the pleasant Air,
for pleasure sake he us'd to walk
Under a wall where oft he heard
S. George with Lady Sabrine talk:
Their love he revealed to the King,
Which to S. George great woe did bring.

These Kings together did devise
to make this Christian Knight away,
With Letters him Ambassador

they

they sent him strait to Persia;
And wrote to the Sophy him to kill,
And trayterously his blood to spill.

Thus they for good did him reward
with evil, and most subtilly
By much vile means to work his death,
to work his death most cruelly:
While he in Persia abode,
He quite destroy'd each Idol god.

Which being done he strait was cast
into a dungeon dark and deep,
Where when he thought upon his wrongs
he bitterly did wail and weep:
Yet like a Knight of courage stout,
Forth of that dungeon he got out.

And in the night three Horse-keepers
this valiant Knight by power slew,
Although he fasted many a day,
and then away from thence he flew
On the best Steed the Sophy had,
Which when he knew he was full mad.

Then into Christendom he came,
and met a Gyant by the way,
With whom in combate he did fight
most valiantly a Summers day:
Who yet for all his Bats of steel,
Was forc'd the sting of death to feel.

From glorious Rome this valiant Knight
with bands of warlike Souldiers past,
Vowing upon those Heathen Lands
to work revenge; which at the last,
Ere thrice three years were gone & spent,
He did unto his great content.

Save only Ægypt Land he spar'd
for Sabrine bright her only sake,
And ere his rage he did suppresse,
he meant a tryal kind to make:
Ptolomy did know his strength in field;
And unto him did kindly yield.

Then he the Morocco King did kill,
and took fair Sabrine to his wife,
And after that contentedly
with her S. George did lead her life:
Who by the vertue of her chain
Did yet a Virgin pure remain.

Toward England then S. George did bring
this gallant Lady Sabrine bright (bring
An Eunuch also came with them,
in whom the Lady took delight:
None but these from Ægypt came,
Now let me print S. Georges name.

When they were in the Forrest great,
the Lady did desire to rest,
And then S George to kill a Deer

to

to feed thereon did think it best;
Lest Sabrine with the Eunuch there,
Whilst he did go and kill a Deer.

The mean time in his absence came
two hungry Lyons fierce and fell;
And tore the Eunuch presently,
in pieces small the truth to tell;
Down by the Lady then they laid,
Whereby it seem'd she was a Maid.

But when S. George from hunting came
and did behold this heavy chance,
Yet for his lovely Virgins sake,
his courage then he did advance,
And came into the Lyons sight,
Who ran at him with all their might.

But he being no whit dismaid,
but like a stout and valiant Knight,
Did kill the hungry Lyons both
within the Lady Sabrines sight:
But all this while sad and demure,
She stood most like a Virgin pure.

Then when S. George did surely know
this Lady was a Virgin true,
His doleful thoughts that ere were dump
began most firmly to renew;
He set her on a Palfrey Steed,
and towards England came with speed.

Where

Where he arrived in short space
unto his Fathers dwelling-place,
Wherein with his dear Love he liv'd
when Fortune did his Nuptial grace.
They many years of Joy did see,
And led their lives at Coventry.

FINIS.

A LIST of the particulars of

HIS MAJESTIES FLEET,

as they are divided into

SQUADRONS.

RED.

D. of YORK.

Ships Names.	Capt.	Men.	Guns.
[illegible] Charles	*Pen*	750	80
[illegible] Oak	*Lawſon*	450	76
[illegible] James	L. *Malborough*	380	68
[illegible]ſure	*Berkly*	380	60
[illegible] George	D. *Buckingham*	360	60
[illegible]rfax	*Sahnan*	300	58
[illegible]ry	*Smith*	300	58
Glouceſter	*Clark*	280	58
Plimouth	*Allen*	280	56
[illegible]eopard	*Beach*	240	54
[illegible]rmouth	*Eliffe*	190	52
[illegible]ppy Return	*Lambert*	190	50
Portſmouth	*Moon*	200	48
Briſtol	*Hart*	200	48
Convertine	*Price*	180	48
Diamond	† *Golding, King*	180	46
Antelope	*Chichley*	180	46
Dover	*Peirce*	170	46
Royal Exchange	*Brown*	120	46
Hendra	*Thompſon*	200	44
[illegible]ona Adventure	*Lathum*	160	40
George	*Hayley*	180	40
Saphier	*Hide*	160	38
Amity	*Parker*	160	36
Ginny	*Ableſton*	150	26
Poſt Frigot	*Lawſon*	150	34
Loyal George	*Earl*	190	32
Succeſs	*Groves*	130	30
Fountain	*Dutel*	130	30
Mermaid	*King*	120	28
Norwich	*Wetwang*	110	24
Coventry	*Hill*	100	20
Martines	*Tickle*	65	14
Drake	*Pool*	85	12
Little-Mary	*Mary*	75	12
Satisfaction	*May*		
Blackamore			
Neale			
Eagle			
K. Ferdinando			
Fame			
Bramble			
Co Ketch			
Eaglet	*7 Fire-ſhips and Ketches.*		
St. George			
Batcheller			
Iſabella			
Hopefull			
Sea-Flower			
Edward			
Hannah			

WHITE.

P. RUPERT.

Ships Names.	Capt.	Men.	Guns.
Royal James	*P. Rupert*	500	78
Triumph	*Mims*	430	78
Reſolution	*Sanſon*	290	58
S. Andrew	*Pine*	360	60
Rainbow	*Hannom*	320	56
Henrietta	*Wood*	300	58
Anne	*Brown*	280	58
Revenge	*Holms*	280	58
Monck	*Penroſe*	260	54
Lion	*Spragg*	260	52
New Caſtle	*Page*	200	58
Mary Roſe	*Reeves*	190	48
Kent	*Ewens*	180	46
Portland	*Ayloffe*	180	46
Ruby	*Gennings*	180	46
Advice	*Poole*	170	40
Preſerve	*Haywood*	170	46
Aſſurance	[illegible]	150	32
Expedition	[illegible]	140	[illegible]
Bear	[illegible]ſworth	170	42
Milford	*Seale*	130	28
Colcheſter	*Healing*	120	28
Speedwell	*Lightfoot*	110	26
Garland	*Talbot*	120	28
Hecter	*Caſtle*	100	22
Paradox	*Guy*	85	14
Eaſt-India Merchant		180	44
Bendiſh	*Taylor*	180	42
Return	*Hubord*	180	40
Exchange	*Wentworth*	170	36
Conſtant Katherine	*Sanders*	180	36
Sea Adventure			
Elizabeth	*Nixſon*	180	46
Dove			
Little Sampſon			
Will. & Mary	*7 Fire-ſhips and Ketches.*		
Dolphine			
True Love			
Merlin			
John and Abigall			
Hind Ketch			
James Ketch			

BLEW.

E. SANDVVICH.

Ships Names.	Capt.	Men.	Guns.
Prince	*Cutins*	700	90
Henry	*Sir G. Askew*	430	70
Royal Katherine	*Titheman*	450	70
Unicorn	*Tithinnan*	320	56
Mountague	*Fen*	350	58
York	*Swanly*	280	58
Drednought	*Terne*	280	58
Eſſex	*Utbert*	260	52
Dunkirk	*Taylor*	260	52
Princes	*Swanly*	230	52
Jerſie	*Hide*	190	48
Centurion	*Moulten*	180	46
Swallow	*Hodges*	180	40
Breda	*Kirby*	180	46
Aſſiſtance	*Owen*	170	40
Dragon	*Loyd*	160	38
Hampſhire	*Batts*	160	40
Adventure	*Young*	150	36
Providence	*Turwit*	140	[illegible]
Gernſey	*Coniſty*	120	2
Forſter	*Cotterel*	120	28
Pembrook	*Parry*	120	28
Oxford	*Bacon*	110	24
Paul	*Foot*	120	28
Lyzard	*Andrew*	90	20
Little Gift	*Johnſon*	85	16
Blackamore	*Barton*	65	14
Good Hope	*Archer*	130	30
Hambro. Merchant	*Cadman*	170	36
In° and Th°	*Dawes*	180	44
Caſtle Frigot		160	36
Mervil and Merchant Anſlea		160	44
Marmaduke			
Society			
Golden Phenix			
Breyer			
Nonſuch			
Tho. and Rebecka	*Fire Ships and Ketches.*		
Amity			
In° Smack			
In° Hoy			
Two Siſters			

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